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INTER NOS

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Editorial

September features the third issue of the seventh volume of **Inter Nos**. As a Quarterly it made its first appearance in March 1949. For eleven years it had been published as an unpretentious sheet of four pages—an undersized newspaper, striving primarily to interest students of its college, not so much by its news but by its literary endeavor.

When **The View** came into the ascendancy, a question arose, "Shall **Inter Nos** be discontinued?" Protests arose which were answered by a compromise, which made **Inter Nos** a small dimensioned Quarterly, which it has remained.

In its infancy, a kind friend kept it solvent by a gift of seventy-five dollars. At present it stands on a workable foundation, solvent through care to avoid overproduction, fees of appreciative subscribers, an unsalaried staff and volunteer contributors. To these we express our deep appreciation and greet all our friends as the fall semester opens up a new chapter in the history of Mount St. Mary's.

September brings four beautiful Feasts of Our Lady, her Nativity, her Holy Name, her Seven Sorrows, and the feast of Our Lady of Mercy. May the blessing of this dear Mother be with us, and all of ours, through the scholastic year.

As our subscribers are interested in the Mount's achievements, we are appending to this editorial a summary of contest winnings, of which Faculty and Student Body are justly proud. To these young writers we offer sincere congratulations.

Sister M. Dolorosa

HONORS

THE ARCHBISHOP CANTWELL AWARD, a prize of one hundred dollars, given annually by His Eminence, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, for the best essay on an apologetical subject, won by

Sally Snow

Honorable Mention

Eileen Anne O'Loughlin

Election of members to DELTA EPSILON SIGMA, the National Honor Society for students of Catholic Colleges and Universities:

Rosemary Ellen Heffron
Georgia Ann Maloney

Marianne Irene Munch
Eileen Anne O'Loughlin

Election of members to KAPPA GAMMA PI, the National Honor and Activity Society of Catholic Women's Colleges:

Lorraine Mary Gibbons
Sally Snow

Phyllis Ruth Kinney

Election of members to PI THETA MU, the honor service society of Mount St. Mary's College:

Carla Mac Carlucci
Dolores Kuulei Jones
Jude Camille Longshore

Marylou Catherine Mattson
Joan Marie Muckenthaler

Atlantic Monthly National Creative Writing Contest

Sally Snow—Second place and a merit paper in Essay Contest
Margaret Cain—Honorable mention in Essay Contest
Bruna Bernasconi—Merit paper in Essay Contest
Katherine Kigami—Merit paper in Essay Contest
Patricia L. G. Ching—Fourth place in Poetry Contest
Patricia Ann Fitzgerald—Honorable mention in Poetry Contest
and merit paper in Short Story Contest

Cabrini Literary Guild Contest

Enedina Maria Garcia—First prize \$250.00 in Short Story Contest
Luann Jones—Second prize \$100.00 in Short Story Contest
Sharon Elizabeth Fay—Third prize \$50.00 in Short Story Contest
Margaret Mary Sprigg—Second prize \$100.00 in Poetry Contest
Patricia L. G. Ching—Third prize \$50.00 in Poetry Contest
Margaret Cain, Sue Carol Edwards and Lillian Eileen Scott—honorable mention in Poetry Contest

Southern California Women's Press Association Short Story Contest

Margaret Cain—First prize \$100.00 in Short Story Contest
Joan Martha Carey—Second prize \$25.00 in Short Story Contest

University of Redlands: Robert Browning Poetry Contest

Carron Margaret Vincent—First prize \$30.00
Beverly Jean Turmell—Second prize \$15.00
Marie Louisa Zeuthen—Honorable mention

NEW ALTAR-BOY

By Sister Mary Carol, C.S.J.

*Forgive Me, As you watch the candle
Hesitate to wink,
And placid cruets
Growing anxious in your hands,
If I remember—*

*Your car-greased butch
Like prickly grass
New cut.
The geyser of your humor bubbling;
Earnest questions and careless gifts.
The brown dreams of your eyes
So capable
They make nine plus sixteen
Equal seven,
And football spirals
Arch the amphitheatres
Of Greece.
Your poetry
So heaven's grace will rhyme
Likening rain to silver ovens.
The way your
Spilling thoughts change girls
To grils.
Your strange desire for the pure
And clean;
And wells of possibility.*

*And as you lumber up the steps
Forgive me
If I smile
To see the consecrated gloom
Caused by the lights
You've not turned on,
And you,
Dear clumsy colt,
Become a small green prayer.*

Diane Once More, and Welcome

*Two letters from Deana D'Alfonzo, now Mrs. G. A. Azevedo,
an Alumna.*

Roma, Italia

DEAR CHO,

A friend of mine once remarked that he believed in reincarnation because the first time he visited Cario he felt at home. This is not a logical reason, of course, and I don't happen to believe in such philosophy, but at the same time I have to admit he has a point—especially now as I visit the Eternal City. It is an odd feeling, knowing your way about, not at all like a foreigner, in a city thousands of miles away from home. When I leave, I know I will regard Rome as a sort of second home, and really, it is a good choice.

Rome has had its share of clichés written about it—"When in Rome do as the Romans do," "Rome wasn't built in a day," and, of course, "All roads lead to Rome." This last is certainly fitting, because from the beginning our trip was leading to Rome, and now that we are in Italy, no matter where we travel, we somehow come back to Rome.

But what is it like? Rome is the center of our civilization, of our Church. The past and the present are fused to form a harmonious whole. Like any other European city, the way to savor it is to walk, stopping frequently at side-walk cafés to sample pastries with your "café espresso." One of my favorite paths is along the Via Vittoria Veneto, past the American Embassy and the international hotels, through the tower-flanked opening of the old wall called Porta Pinciana, into the Borghese gardens. Here is one of Rome's leading art galleries, housing Bernini's sculpture as well as the leading masters. Out again in the gardens, the walk continues along the brow of the hill, with its superb view of central Rome, to the Church of Trinità dei Monti and then down the gently sloping 200-year-old Spanish Steps, past the home of Keats and the flower vendors, into the Piazza di Spagna with its exquisite Fontana della Barcaccia (Fountain of the Boat) by Bernini (most of the fountains in the city are his creations).

By this time you are tired, but to get the true flavor of the city, it is necessary to walk through the Romans' Rome. One such spot is the Piazza Navona. It is a large square surrounded by old houses and the Church of St. Agnes and centered with three fountains. The Fountain of the Four Rivers in the center has quite a legend behind it. While Bernini was working on it, his rival was commissioned to build the church. Consequently, Bernini placed one of his figures in an attitude expressing—"look out! it (the church) will fall." In answer, Barromini placed a statue of Our Lady on top of the church, expressing "don't worry, it won't."

Then there is the ancient Rome arranged around the Capitol. A Western Civ. course in its actuality. The Forum Romano with its temples, law courts, shops, palaces, and triumphal columns and arches; the Palatine Hill, where Romulus and his followers erected the first primitive houses of Rome; the Arch of Constantine; the Circus Maximus—you see these while walking on the original streets of the Caesars! At the end, the Colosseum, where thousands watched the gladiators fight to the death or saw Christian martyrs thrown to the lions. The ruins with the simple wooden cross are such a moving testimonial. And at night, with the moon casting its shadow among the ruins, your imagination can catch fire, and the roar of the beast-driven crowd becomes a reality.

To say the least, Rome is a city of Churches. Our home church was Santa Susanna, a church for American Catholics under the direction of the Paulist Fathers. Fr. Cunningham, the pastor, was once stationed at St. Paul the Apostle in Westwood. He was a professor in Theology at the College for a year, in its infancy.

With more than 450 churches in the city, it is obvious that we haven't made our three wishes in all of them. Some of the ones worth mentioning are Santa Maria in Trastevere, the first church in Rome—and possibly for all Christianity—to be dedicated to the Virgin, and Santa Maria in Cosmedin, with its bell tower in pure Romansque style. It is probably famous now because it contains the "bocca della Verità" (The Mouth of Truth). The legend is that it is capable of biting when a person guilty of lying puts his hand on it. There is the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, built by St. Helena to shelter relics of the True Cross. The Church of San Pietro in Vincoli contains the chains of St. Peter and Michelangelo's powerful and life-like figure of Moses. The Abbey of Three Fountains (a little outside the city) is built where St. Paul was beheaded. Three fountains bubbled forth at precisely the three places where St. Paul's head bounced as it fell. The only church which is condemned is St. Anastasia, the titular church of Cardinal McIntyre.

But I still haven't mentioned the major basilicas. St. John Lateran, with its altar enclosing the table of the Last Supper, is the Cathedral of Rome. Attached to the church is the Lateran Museum with rooms of treasures from the centuries to which the faith has spread. Opposite the museum is a building within which are the Scala Santa (Holy Stairs), traditionally the original stairway from Pontius Pilate's palace, climbed by Christ on the day of His passion. The steps are worn smooth from centuries of pilgrims who climbed them on their knees. St. Paul's Outside the Walls is Rome's largest church after St. Peter's. It is spacious and uncluttered, its ceiling held by 80 monolithic columns rising majestically. All around the nave and the transept are the portraits of the Popes, representing nineteen centuries of uninterrupted Christian history. Tradition states that when there is no more room for a portrait, the world

will come to an end. It won't be in our generation if the popes live long lives. The greatest of the churches to Our Lady, Santa Maria Maggiore, is one of Rome's most beautiful churches. The Manger of Bethlehem is preserved here.

In all this talk about Rome, I have yet to mention the most important part of the city. But then, it is another city. To anyone crossing the Tiber and walking up the Via della Conciliazione past Castel San' Angelo, the looming majesty of St. Peter's is completely overwhelming. The elliptic shaped piazza surrounded with its columns, centered with an 80 foot obelisk and 45 foot fountains, is but a hint of the vastness of the basilica itself. You have seen countless pictures of St. Peter's and read many articles about it, so there is no need for me to go in for description. Instead, let me try to put my feelings into words. On entering the church for the first time, you lose all sense of proportion and the first impression as to the size of the building is misleading. The angels holding the holy water fonts enable you to appreciate the large dimensions of the church; looked at from a distance they appear the size of ordinary children, but close up they are found to be larger than a full grown person. This largeness is disappointing at first. But as you spend the hours necessary to see but a fraction of this chief cathedral, when you press your lips to the foot of St. Peter, as countless pilgrims before you have done, you realize that no matter what the richness of this church, it is still like all others, a place of worship. Yes, it is a little larger than the usual, but after all, it is the Rome of Catholicism. The vastness of St. Peter's conveys some idea of the immensity of God.

Every journey, every experience, has a high point. Our's occurred one evening some miles from the eternal city. Castelgondolfo is a small village located in the foothills overlooking a small lake. The village is dominated by an imposing palazzo, the summer residence of the Pope. In a sense, the public audiences we attended this time were more impressive than the "baciamento" in '51. A public audience consists of approximately 1000 persons crowded into the main courtyard. It was held at 6 P.M., but by 5 everyone with a slip of entry was there. It was this hour that held such meaning. A mass of humanity with one common denominator. You couldn't speak to the people around you, yet together you lifted your voice high in "Christus Vincet." A few minutes before the clock struck the important hour, the slow, meaningful chant of the "Credo" from the Mass of the Angels came from everybody's throat—that common denominator, "I believe in God." As the "amen" faded, all eyes turned to the small balcony, and the simple man in white stepped out to give his blessing. "Viva il Papa," "Vive le Pope," roared out as His Holiness spoke to each Group in its respective language. Emotionalism is not the strong point of Americans. When he spoke to us, no "vivas," only silence—respect outweighing a positive expression of love. Forty-five minutes that passed all too soon! It ended with tears in

everyone's eyes, and in six tongues the singing of "Holy God." One, holy, universal Church!

The best way to describe our inner feelings is to relate what happened on our way back to Rome. We were packed into one of those buses held together with glue. The bus smashed into a truck while trying to avoid a cart. With the jar and excitement, one of the girls, a non-Catholic, on the tour, turned to me and said, "Diana, I'm not at all frightened or feeling any shock. This is unusual for me. The Pope does bring peace, doesn't he?" Yes, he does bring peace. The peace which we all seek can be ours if we follow his example. Only through God and with God will we find peace.

Time for me to find some peace in sleep. Will try to find time to tell you more about Italy.

DIANE.

*Prata D'Ansionia
Abruzzi*

DEAR CHO,

Rome completely possessed the last letter, so now, with a few quiet days to spare in the village of my father, it is a good time to catch you up on the other cities in this country. Italy is probably the only country where you cannot limit yourself to the main city—there is too much to see. The entire boot (Italy) is one museum. Even Prata has its ruins of an earlier time when it was an old Marist city. According to my father, from the ruins of the first church in this area there is a tunnel which was used as a type of catacomb for the early Sabine Christians.

Most of our stay in Italy has been with my parents. We dropped the tour in Naples and have been traveling in style ever since—driving our little Fiat and staying in hotels. It was the oddest feeling walking into a *Hotel*; Marilyn and I felt like a couple of hayseeds. People to carry your luggage, elevators, private baths—you don't know what luxury a bath is until you have to pay extra for one and wait for a maid to heat the water! This doesn't include Prata, of course, but things have improved since the last time.

There is an old saying, "See Naples and die," that is, you cannot die until you have seen this city on the bay. From sea or from land, the view is breathtaking. From the sea it is an awesome vision of hills, azure sky and water, ancient castles and modern villas, all dominated by the lowering slopes of ever-threatening Vesuvius. From land—well, imagine yourself sitting in the patio of one of the restaurants on the hill above the city with the warmly comfortable sun on your back and with violently purple bougainvillea clustered above your head. Below you is Naples with its gently curving shoreline, docks, and palm-lined, sea-side avenues. The ruins of old castles contrast with the ultra-modern docks. If the air is clear, you

see the ruins of Herculaneum with a thin-whisp of smoke curling over Vesuvius. And look beyond the bay where a mountainous little islet springs from the sea itself—Capri. The sky above you is Mary's blue, the bay below is a shimmering blue with flecks of white. Do you understand the saying?

Naples itself is the one city where you hold onto your purse with your dear life, where you are surrounded with people trying to see your watches and P. arkers (the period is on purpose) pens. But the people are wonderful, with charm and gaiety and with a completely undiluted spontaneity of their own. Of course, this is the home of the San Carlos Opera. During the summer months the operas are held in an outdoor amphitheatre. This is a modern concrete structure which takes in the natural beauty surrounding it and offers an opportunity for magnificent staging. We saw *Mephistopheles*, and the use of black light to reflect the flames of hell added the final masterful touch.

But what would Naples be without Capri, the ancients' island of goats, so called, perhaps, because only goats, human or otherwise, dared its precipitous cliffs and slopes. It has been called a pint size paradise and it is "all things to all men." Personally, I felt that if you put Laguna on such a site, you would have the same effect. But the Blue Grotto is enough to make the island famous, even without its being the playground of the "international set." As with the case of the other grottos, the color results from the refraction of light from the walls and waters through the varying-sized entrances. When you row in and your fingers touch the vast, luminous crystal of the grotto's water—you receive the baptism of Capri.

A complete contrast to Naples is located at the other end of Italy. Poets through the ages have sung its glories. That it offers its own special atmosphere is obvious. Venice—a glorious remnant of the fusion of east and west. Venice—a symbolism of the cult of escapism outside of the South Pacific. Venice—romance with a full moon in a clear sky, a gondola knifing through a canal, and the full voice of a Venetian.

From the moment you step out of your car and walk through the terminus to the waiting boats, you are filled with the atmosphere that only the "Queen of the Adriatic" can offer. Your gondolier begins to pole and you are in the Grand Canal with its white marble palaces and barber shop poles; and as you pass under the Rialto bridge, you are in love. This is repeated when you float down the Grand Canal at night, with colored lanterns along the way and a large barge providing entertainment along its course.

But Venice includes more than the Grand Canal. The Piazza San Marco, at any hour, with people and pigeons mingling; with its towering brick campanile, blue and gold enameled clock tower, spacious out-door cafés, and the dominating basilica with the gold of

its mosaics resplendent in the sun and fabulous in the moonlight. It is also the side streets which cross many a small canal, the churches you stumble upon with their masterpieces by Titian, Tintoretto and others of the Venetian school. It is the lagoon itself, with the cemetery located on the island of San Michele. A sad, but yet beautiful sight, is the winding stream of black gondolas leaving the city proper and headed toward this island. Another island is Murano, where the major industry, glass blowing, has been handed down from father to son for generations and which has made Venice famous the world over.

What Venice is to the "smart set," Florence is to the art lover. A walk through the Piazza degli Uffizi with its statues of great Florentines, is a litany of the Renaissance. In the Palazzo itself is housed the most important collection anywhere in Italy and one of the richest in the world. It represents almost all of the Italian schools, beautifully arranged. Another marvelous art museum is the Pitti Palace. In its Gallery of Modern Art, I mention this to show its completeness, I came across a work in terra cotta by R. Fenci, a Florentine who lived in Santa Barbara.

Art treasures are not found only in the large museums which take a day to go through. There are also the small places—the gallery which contains Michelangelo's "David"; the museum of the Duomo with the Cantorias of della Robbia and Donatello hanging side by side; the cloister of San Marco, where you can still see the frescoes of Fra Angelico on the walls of the monks' bare cells and along the time-worn corridors. It is only in Florence that you will find such statues as Giambologna's "Rape of the Sabines" and Cellini's "Perseus" in the open.

The center of the city is the Duomo (Cathedral) with its Campanile by Giotto and the Baptistry with its bronze doors by Ghiberti. The Cathedral is the second largest church in the world and is one of the most stupendous examples of Gothic architecture in Tuscany. The outside, blocked in white, green and dull red marble, typical of Tuscan style, is spectacular. The inside contains priceless works and monuments of art, especially Michelangelo's "Descent From the Cross."

This all sounds like an art course. Well, it is. Sr. Ignatia would come in handy. An art appreciation course should include a trip to Florence for visual aids!

But there is another side to Florence. It is a shoppers paradise with wonderful buys at the Porcellino, the straw and linen market. Not far from the market is the Ponte Vecchio, the only bridge left standing when the Germans left the city in 1944. (Rather than blow it up, they dynamited the surrounding blocks.) It is the most ancient bridge in the city, hence its name, and is lined with shops of goldsmiths and silversmiths, still the artistic craft of the Florentines.

We just didn't spend enough time in this city, even though we extended our visit a few days when Joey and Pat (Ed's note—alumnæ of '53) arrived. Here is an indication of how helpful American Express is when traveling. The tourist can use the company office as a post office and a registry. Our friends found our hotel by checking the register.

Italy is a land of shrines. Assisi is a small city which is completely associated with St. Francis. The main church (really two churches on top of each other), the church of St. Claire, the Monastery of San Damiano, her first convent, and the ostentatious Baroque Santa Maria Degli Angeli, which is built over the rude cell where St. Francis died—all dominate the city. Loreto is another shrine located on a hill overlooking the Adriatic. It consists of the sanctuary built around the Holy House, the birthplace of Our Lady. How did it get to Italy? Reputedly, it was transported by angels in the 13th century when the Holy Land was overrun by Moslems. The small house is behind the main altar of a huge 15th century basilica which is part of the Vatican State. Around its circumference are grooves 3 to 4 inches thick worn into the marble by pilgrims reciting the rosary while circling the house on their knees.

While here in the Abruzzi, we visited the favorite pilgrimage spot of my father. It is a small rural church, reached by a treacherous road around the Gran Sasso, which contains the tomb of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Mother, patron of Catholic Youth. The teen-agers of this area hike over the mountain in large groups to visit the shrine, singing in the loud-screaming voice so typical of the young Italians, but filled with zeal. The tomb of the saint is a small slab about 3 feet square. If a person, asking for a miracle, falls asleep on the tomb, the wish will be granted. But with the singing, I don't see how anyone can manage to sleep.

The latest and newest pilgrimage spot is a small poverty-stricken, mountainous village of San Giovanni Rotondo. Here, amidst the squalor, are huge hotels built in the past few years all surrounding the small chapel where Padre Pio says Mass. You read the wonderful article in *INTER NOS* a few years ago about this Franciscan priest who receives the stigmata as he offers Mass. There is no need to go into a great amount of detail. I am afraid that the spiritual uplift which we should have received attending Mass was discounted by the people around us. I don't mean to sound "holier-than-thou" but my idea of Mass is everyone quiet and watching, if nothing more, what is going on at the altar. Padre Pio offers the 5 A.M. Mass, but by 3:30 the courtyard in front of the chapel is packed with people (mostly Italians) shoving, yelling, and munching from their sacks of bread and cheese, instead of quietly preparing themselves for Mass. When the door opens it is like the five-o'clock subway rush. As Father comes out, there is pushing to get a closer view, people are climbing on boxes or chairs, and there is barely enough room

for Padre Pio at the altar. Here is a man who is close to God and who, while offering the unbloody sacrifice, becomes bloody himself; but the people are colosseum spectators, not partakers of the sacrifice. It is rather saddening. You cannot doubt the devotion of the people, but it seems as if they are more interested in the priest than in God, whom he brings to us.

This is Italy—a country of contrast. Scenic beauty and squalor; ruins of the Pre-Christian era and monuments to this era; artistic achievements of the Renaissance and the destruction of war; religious feeling and faith, and hysterical fanaticism. It is a country which still lives in the glories of its past but has much to offer to the future. I wonder if I would still like it without my heritage. Yes, because Italy is Rome, and Rome is the world.

ONE

By Joan Carey

*Being chased down an algebraic hall,
An integer is backed upon a geometric wall.
Racing down the positive, approaching nought;
Beyond is negative, what is wrought?
Zero is a nothing thing, but less is non;
There is no esse, no existence; all is gone.*

*Safety in a maze, a trapezoid,
Even hiding in a cardoid,
All is lost, I cannot integrate;
Yet I must differentiate.
The negative can change; a minus sine;
If this be done, all may be fine.*

*Angles are involved, the radius and π ,
Take two rational numbers and multiply.
If positive, there are no fears;
But mixed, a negative reappears.
The zero always zero is, no acute.
There is but one solution, the Absolute.*

Coal, Coke, Beer and Emory

Based on a period of my Grandfather Emory's Life

By Sister Stephen Joseph Brutosky, C.S.J.

Connellsville, the coke center of the United States, is divided into two sections by the Youghiogheny River and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Some people remember that the bridge that joins the north and south of town was condemned in 1935. These same people were chagrined when, in 1948, the City Safety Council decided to put stop-light signals at each end of the bridge. The lights were usually red when the bridge was filled with cars. There was the danger that while the bridge silently moaned, it could possibly begin to roar in rebellion, and try to hop a caboose down below. The people in the middle of the bridge would not have much time to convince the leader in the line of frantic cars that he ought to go through the Safety Council's stop light just this once.

But back in 1900, when the bridge was new, E. B. Emory, that is, used to walk out to the middle and stand a long time, looking and planning. He didn't watch the shallow yellow river gliding quietly below to his right; nor was his attention lost on the twenty sets of tracks at his left. The iron rails were crawling with coughing black engines, pulling loads of bituminous and anthracite coal to Pittsburgh. Yet, there would have been a slight quiver in E. B.'s flaming red handlebar mustache; there always was when his thoughts traveled back up the river, fifty miles, to the person of the Bishop of the Pittsburgh Diocese. The Bishop could wait, E. B. had already decided. The Bishop was waiting, without even knowing it, because Emory didn't choose to give advance publicity, except to the coal miners. The little Hungarian had a project that absorbed all his attention in his twilight walks across town.

Emory's fingernails were blackened; a few were missing. His face was sometimes badly scorched. E. B. was slight in build, a typical wiry Magyar. He was a little stooped, but his arms were powerful. The dark swollen veins carried on a conversation with the thick muscles that rippled down to his broad calloused hands. Ever since 1898, when Emory brought Veronica with him to America, he had been a coke drawer. He had gone to work at two in the morning, and the deep black sky used to make the smoke from the coke oven look grey and blistering red. It was the intense heat from the furnaces that burnt his face, and singed his eyelashes away. Even though the handle on the shovel he used to draw out the glowing coke was twenty feet long, the heat made his fingernails drop off.

The life of the coal workers was hard, thought E. B., and here in the young countryside there were no churches and no priests to

give these rough men peace of soul, and the solace of the religion they had known in Europe.

Catholic or not, the miners were notorious for their drinking. Every miner, without exception, nursed a bottle of whiskey under his bed. It was a poor substitute for Godly comfort, but it kept them laboring deep in the narrow black pits. The dreaded calamity of mine cave-ins was not unknown; and rarely was there a priest to give conditional absolution when the mangled bodies were brought to the surface.

These were the circumstances God used to plant a project in E.B.'s mind. God wanted His Presence here among the growing population. God was going to let E.B. build His Church, and He was going to give E.B. some of the reward, even in this life.

God didn't seem to mind the way E.B. went about this important work. God uses the frailties of human nature, and He permitted Emory to do the same. Emory watched these hardy miners, who came up the shafts and out of the cages, blinking in the light and filthy with coal dust that was even now filtering into their lungs. Cold draught beer would have quenched the abominable thirst of these men. I say would have, because, as yet, there were no distributors this far south of Pittsburgh.

E. B. shuffled the facts over and over in his mind for weeks. But today was the day of decision. Today was the day he looked southwest, up Arch Street Hill, ten blocks above where it turned off the bridge. Arch Street Hill was paved with red bricks. Its right side had a wall from which fell a cliff, straight down to the B. & O. tracks. All the frame houses on its left side could only be reached by three or four flights of stairs, either cement or wooden. The lawns were impossible to mow because they hung over the street like loaves of bread bulging over the edges of pans. There was one piece of property that was empty. It made the hill look like the toothless grin of a seven-year-old. E.B.'s blistered eyelids closed a minute as he tried to picture a church filling the space. It looked good to him. In fact, it looked so good that Emory gave the iron railing a hard slam that vibrated the whole bridge, infecting it with his own excitement.

There was only a trickle of traffic now, and no stop lights at all. Emory hurried off the bridge. It was hard, with those big arms, to wave carelessly, but he did so as he passed Billy Bishop leaning against the door of Hagen's Ice cream Parlor. Billy merely grunted in return.

Now E.B. was at the top of his street. The nails in his heavy boots clomped on the slate sidewalk. He carefully walked around some yellow milkweed which had struggled up through the cracks. The activity of E.B.'s mustache indicated great energetic leaps and

bounds within his imagination. He had wanted to tell Veronica first of all, but no, the Hungarian ways were strong, and he decided not to tell her. She'd find out from the table conversation of the twenty-two boarders, after he told these men himself. They were miners, and he needed to get their reaction. Only he already knew they'd agree to the beer . . .

The street was crooked and the trees were old green. Fragrance of fresh bread met him at the last turn, and the smell of it nearly pulled the stomach right out of him. One of the first things he had done for his wife was build large brick ovens outside the back door. Veronica put a fire in them at two-thirty in the morning. This was after she sent E.B. and the twenty-two men off to the mines. They went with their lunch buckets well filled—it usually took her half the night to slice the bread and fix the simple food. Then this small tireless woman (she was far shorter than he) made the big round loaves of bread. Emory bought her the brown, heavy, unrefined flour. When the loaves, three feet long and one and one-half feet thick, had raised under warm towels and quilts, she scraped the fire out of the hot ovens. She lifted the staff of life into place and begged God to bless her work.

The smell of egg-noodle soup and the crisp loaves wafted through the whole house, even down to the dirt cellar to which Emory had gone. Beer came in fifty-gallon kegs, and he was making sure he had enough storage space. It was dark down there, and the steps were narrow, but he knew the men would help him when the time came.

Emory was going to hold services next Sunday. The beer was going to draw the crowd he wanted. He only had one prayer book, other than the Bible. It was smooth and brown, and printed in Magyar. It had wonderful things in it; prayers he had loved as a boy. And the Mass was there. He and Veronica would kneel together every Sunday, and she would hold the book, he wasn't as steady as she. They'd follow the Mass prayers right through, while a candle burned before the Maris who smiled down at them.

* * *

Now it was Sunday, and the smooth brown book trembled in E.B.'s hands. Word had gone around about the beer. A curious crowd of men had gathered below him in the tough grass. The three barrels sat on the edge of a wide, flat rock. As Emory stood before the kegs, they somehow became the towers of the Budapest Cathedral.

His broad hand commanded silence. Then each man heard in no uncertain terms that he, no matter what his color or creed, was to remove his hat and kneel down to follow the prayers.

Emory was confident, but God was certain. And God was pleased when these men knelt to pray.

The tall weeds tickled the young chins of Emory's five sons. Old Gabor was seized with a fit of self-conscious wheezing. Pista nudged him, and, with a big toothless grin, held up his large tin bucket.

Now all the dusty fields were silent. Heat lightning flashed in the Appalachians, and zeal flashed in E.B.'s brown eyes. In the middle of prayers, like in the middle of Mass, he stopped and gave out a few words, unconscious of their impress. Emory had discerned the deepest need of these men. He had gleaned their secret thoughts. Now E.B. was turning all the longings that had bewildered them into a plan of action which they could understand. The were going to help build a church on Arch Street Hill. To this end they were to come and pray each Sunday. E.B. would pass a hat around and they would give what money they could. Some of it was what their wives had hidden in the sugar bowls and china cat cooky jars the day after pay day.

And after the services, Emory told them he would not wish to send them home, thirsting on the way. With a twinkle in his eye and a quiver of his red mustache, he asked the lines to form for the giving of the beer.

Now Emory was a patient man, an enterprising sort of character. He decided to get some closer help—and together with Pista and Gabor he widened his apostolate, and of course, ordered much more beer.

All day Sunday, instead of sleeping off the week's labors, he went for thirty miles around to all the towns—Leisenring, Masontown, Lecrone, Adelaide, Lambert, and Brownsville.

Emory was confident, and God was certain. God was pleased with the zeal of E.B.

The Bishop was still waiting, but he didn't know it, because E.B. never sent in any progress reports. E.B. was the kind of man who worked until he could fulfill the conditions of a promise, before he ever made a promise. He wasn't ready to go to Pittsburgh. He was a patient man. He'd work at this for one more year . . .

* * *

His Excellency, the Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, was exceptionally busy that whole year, and he was still busy when E.B., stiff in a white shirt, stood before him. Nervously he knelt and kissed the Bishop's ring. Emory's handlebar mustache had been combed to perfection but a moment before, and as it brushed the Bishop's hand it quivered.

Emory made his urgent request. In the name of the Hungarian Catholics fifty miles away, he asked for a Church and a priest. A small Church would be fine—and maybe a priest who would put fire in their veins in the language they all understood.

The priest? Yes, the Bishop could give them a priest in six months. But a Church? Building a Church right now was out of the question. Emory should try to make the people understand. It takes a great deal of money to build even a small Church. It would be a long time before the Bishop could have that much money to spend.

Repressing his eagerness made the blisters on E.B.'s cheek burst and stream with perspiration. He backed away from the Bishop, who was already beginning to dismiss him. E.B. stuck only his head out the door, scraping his red neck on the starched collar as he did so. Pista and Gabor came in, groaning under the weight of a square gray box. Stuttering a greeting, they set it down and went to kiss the Bishop's ring, too. As they did so, E.B. plunged his broad shaking hand into his pocket and held up a thin brass key. He opened the box. The Bishop's expression was almost reward enough for the labor of bringing the chest of money all the way from Connellsville.

There remains now only one problem, the Bishop had told them. We must dedicate the Church to some saint. What is your Baptismal name? he asked E.B. Emory? Emory . . . St. Emory. St. Emory's Church it shall be.

Now Emory was certain, and God was certain. God approved of the Bishop's choice. God wanted to give E.B. some of the reward in this life.

* * *

Like the bridge, St. Emory's Church has been condemned by some. Like the bridge, some people have put a red stop-light at its door. But, today, if you walk up Arch Street Hill on a Sunday morning and follow the people up the stairs and into the little Church, you will find a double presence—the God inside, Who was so pleased with Emory, and Emory himself, who greets you at the door. None of his descendants wear a red handlebar mustache, so you'll not mistake him when you see it quiver. You will be certain when he grasps your hand with his powerful one.

A Group of Poems

By Sister Ann Jeannette*

CHRIST WATCHED ALONE

*Below, silence-wrapped,
His city slept.
Night sang a canticle of stars;
The wind wept its violin-plaintive song;
Crickets quieted their symphony
For Jesus wept.
"How have I longed to gather thee
As the hen doth her chickens
Under her wings
And thou wouldst not."
His plaint sighs
Down the hillsides of the centuries;
But cities, pleasure-wrapped,
Dance to the jangle
Of the world's calliope.*

AN ALMS

*A proud wind rode by
And left
Scattered on the lawn
Dandelions—
Coins flung to the beggar rain.*

SOLACE

*Shadows lean
Against the warm shoulder
Of the hill.
They stretch their hands
Over the restive city,
Gathering the day
Into folds of dusky robes.*

* Died in St. Mary's Chapel during Mass, on July 31, 1955. R. I. P.

GIVING

By Sister Ann Jeannette

*Why must the flowers I give
Be always crushed and fainting?
Why must my spikenard filter out
Meager drop by meager drop
To add but fragile sweetness
Of Magdalen that broke
The alabaster's flawless white
And poured its priceless fragrance
In floods of generous giving?
Can I not give my flowers
Satin-petaled and perfume-hearted,
Fresh-cut and smiling?*

QUOTH THE SPARROW

By Marjorie O'Hanlon Quirk

An alumna

*Thus said a sparrow to a lark,
Gossiping in a tree-strewn park:
"People are the strangest things—
They have arms in place of wings.
They have lips, and not a beak
Nor even feathers on their cheek.
Instead of singing they must talk
Instead of flying they must walk.
They do not come in varied hues
Of greens and pinks and sky-tone blues.
I would not trade my tree-top bower
For a penthouse or a tower;
Besides that, I am quite content
To live in nests and pay no rent."*

One More Candle

By Enedina Garcia

The fan turned its head from side to side in fruitless attempt to divert the heat from the figure sprawled out on the cot. Flies everywhere crawled on the ceiling and the furniture; zipped zigzaggedly around the room, or played hop-scotch on the face of the sleeping rag doll. The room boasted only the most necessary furnishings. Two chairs of dubious strength, a night table overloaded with a lamp, keys, cigarettes, two gold cuff links, and a bulging wallet. On one of the bare walls hung a large picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, below which a shelf held an unlit candle.

Outside, a dog, skinny and long, wandered through the streets barking defiantly at the heat-waves that rolled smoothly in the sticky air. The mongrel bounded off, yelping pitifully as it felt the pinpoint sting of pebbles on its hind legs. Behind him advanced three dirty little boys, cruelly hurling rocks, as though the mutt were responsible for the strength consuming heat. Having exhausted their supply of ammunition and energy, the attackers retreated into the deafening silence which submerged the entire city.

Silence stole into the tiny room until its nothingness awoke Raul Mendez. The bedstead creaked on wobbly iron legs as it was relieved of its restless burden. A bundle of sheets fell to the floor when Raul reached the window. "Dios Mio! There is a wind coming up." Raul stood for a while by the window, as if his glassy stare would scare away the breeze. All at once he shifted from his position to face the big picture on the opposite wall. With a confident smile Raul said, "What do I care about the rustling leaves, Empress? A hurricane could not stop my cape today. You will guide my arm so that the bull will have to obey every movement, no?"

No answer. Two men bounded into the room. "Halo, Chico. Hey, what are you doing? Talking to yourself? Perhaps you did not get enough sleep."

Raul looked at his trainer with disdain. "I got more than enough sleep, Alejandro. I wasn't talking to myself and you know it."

Alejandro's eyes squinted in sarcastic merriment. "Why, Raul, of course I understand—you are depending on your picture and your little candle for a good performance. What I have taught you makes no difference."

"I cannot see why you are jealous," said Raul, "we will still get paid today whether I am good or not."

The smallest member of the crowd, Pepe, always eager to keep peace between the two, somersaulted into the conversation.

"Now, Alejandro, pay no attention. Chico is nervous. After all, this is his big day. Let us get down to business eh? Did you rest?"

You should see the bulls! What beauties! But not too much for you, Chico, you will make those bulls look like sick calves!"

"Will I, Pepe? I hope so. I keep telling myself that the wind outside will not matter, 'She' will be with me, if not, then the wind will take the cape from my hands and throw me on the bulls horns."

For a full minute all three stared fearful through the dirty glass. "Aye Dios," thought Pepe, "don't let it get windy. Chico, he will be good, wind or not, but it is better for the trees to be quiet."

Alejandro scrutinized the window defiantly, daring the breeze to augment into a wind. "That is all I need, a storm; everything will be lost. The years I've spent with that boy will be blown away by a gust of wind. His prayers will be no good in a windy bullring."

Raul cut in with keen tones. "Well, if it does blow, the crowd will be assured of a good show, no? They always like a goring or two. The afternoon will not be wasted. Do not worry though, Alejandro, wind or no wind, goring or not, I will receive my pay."

Pepe did not give Alejandro a chance to answer Raul. "Oh no, Chico. Do not talk like that. This town loves the corridas and today they will love you. They will carry you off on their shoulders yelling 'Torero! Torero!'" Pepe's eyes sparkled with confidence and his words issued forth simply and sincerely as if he were offering gifts to some god. A crooked nose gave him the aspect of being a male witch and his hair refused to tame even under the stiffest of brushes. "An ugly little man," said the people when they saw Pepe. But those eyes! Such beautiful, deep, green eyes! They spoke for Pepe when words would not come easily. Each day as he performed the duties of sword carrier, secretary, and agent, those deep, green eyes said, "When I am a great torero I will say 'Raul Mendez taught me all I know. I owe my success to the greatest matador of all time.'"

Raul's lips lengthened into light laughter. He took a few steps toward Pepe and stretched a long arm across the stooped shoulders of his friend. "Aye Pepe! What did I do to deserve you, eh? My own mother never showed such devotion. Are you trying to make my head swell so that the *montero* will not fit? Or is it that you want me to feel guilt for not loving the *corridas* as you do? Look, tomorrow, very early, you and I will go to the bullring and I will give you another lesson. Okay? We will work hard, you and me. I promise." Pepe nodded his head and smiled.

Alejandro slid his feet heavily toward an old chair which had held many and better trainers. "Your mother must have been a very smart woman Raul—not to have shown devotion to you, I mean."

"No, you are wrong, Alejandro, my mother was not smart. She made many mistakes. The greatest one was not teaching me to keep away from sordid things."

Raul's anger swelled like the roaring ocean and he meant his

words to drown the man's insolence. But Alejandro merely raised an eyebrow forming a tent over his eyes, and in a very calm, unruffled manner he said, "Raul, you use strong language to describe your failings, but perhaps that is why we are so good a combination. You admit your faults and I recognize them."

"Your words are not properly selected, Señor Rodriguez. You do not simply recognize my defects, you share them."

Raul swaggered over to the night table and picked up a package of cigarettes. He forced one out of the pack then dug into his pocket. The cigarette secure in his mouth, he lit it. The instant he saw the small white cylinder burning he threw away the match, watching its own bright blue head leave a suffix of dreary smoke. "How degrading for the match," he mused, "to be part of a ritual then end up in a waste basket. But it is so in many cases. One thing aids another's glory and then sinks into the background."

Pepe hated these fights. They made him feel insecure like a child who hears his parents argue and wants to yell at them to stop their bickering.

"Dios Mio, Chico, why do you smoke? Always it makes your hand shake and your heart tire and still you pay no attention to me. You must get dressed now anyway so why do you not put the cigarette out. Please?"

"Bueno, Pepe, after one more puff. I think it is your hand that shakes when I smoke, no?" Raul inhaled the delicious smoke then announced, "Now. My white suit, I want my white suit today."

Pepe and Alejandro lifted their heads in unified astonishment. "Not again!" questioned Alejandro, "Never have you worn anything but white. It is becoming ridiculous. You promised to wear a colored one today. You had a special suit made."

"I know. I know. But I also made a promise, which you would not understand because it has nothing to do with money."

Alejandro pushed himself up from the old chair. "Very well. Lay it out Pepe. No matter how much we talk, he will still want the white suit."

Pepe's short legs carried him toward the closet where he expected a long search, but as he opened the door, there hung the white suit.

"You are right Señor Rodriguez, we could not have changed his mind. He does look fine in this one though, and after all, he made a promise."

The dressing ceremony began with unusual silence. The men's hands worked deftly, their minds focused on the white suit and the man who was going to wear it. Raul looked fondly at the silver, splashed over the glaring white material. He felt strong, athletic, a deity. No harm could come to the bullfighter who displayed such distinction. The right trouser leg lacked its silver tassel and there

was a light brown stain just above the knee where blood from the bulls' neck had smeared during his first public bullfight.

The fans had been pleased at the way in which Raul had drawn the bull so close to himself that it smeared the beautiful white suit with blood. The people had liked that. The newspapers had hailed him too, and had exaggerated the quality of his performance.

Then one day, long after Raul recovered from an almost fatal goring, the papers began printing something else in their articles. Here and there they would insert a line or two about the bullfighter's "superstition." It was rumored, the papers printed, that Mr. Mendez, since he'd been gored, had never gone into a bullring without first praying to the Virgin.

Raul should have been grateful to the press for the publicity it gave him week by week, but he resented the liberties they took with his private affairs. What did they know about the time he prayed so desperately to live, after a bull had gored him? He had been dying and he did not want to die. He wanted to hear the crowds cheer and the music soar.

He remembered how angry he had become when a magazine printed his "Biography" and stated that he had spent most of his boyhood under the best teachers studying the art of handling a cape and *muleta*. He should have sued them for printing such lies. Why, even now he had in his mind the time when he actually believed it was the color of the cape which made a bull charge! No one had placed the cape in his hands. No one! He had stolen his first cape and had been his own teacher. Each time he sold peanuts at the bullring he would go home and copy what he had seen that afternoon. Over and over again he practiced the same movements until the other vendors were calling him the peanut-selling-matador.

"Don't worry, I will not sell peanuts all my life!"

"What did you say, Chico?"

"Huh? Oh, nothing, Pepe, nothing. I must have been thinking too loudly." Raul became conscious of the wide, red sash being wound about his waist and attached to his suspenders. He always felt a little ridiculous with the ruffled shirt and wide sash but he tolerated them as necessary to a matador's appearance.

"Why are you so slow today? Can you not, after so much practice, help me dress with more speed?"

"If you are displeased with our services, why do you not employ someone else? If you can find someone else," proposed Alejandro.

Pepe was feeling like a referee instead of a sword carrier. "Please, do not argue again. We are almost through, Chico. Just your coat, your cape, and we are ready."

"It is already 3:15, that is why I am impatient. We have yet a long

way to drive to the bullring. Where is everybody! Luis, Mario, Lalo? Can a man perform in the ring without his team?"

Alejandro looked at Raul with a resigned, it-happens-every-Sunday expression. "You know, they will be at the bullring."

Pepe was by this time trying the *machos* below Raul's knees, over the pink stocking. Foreseeing the burst of a new argument he gave the drawstrings a hard yank, making Raul cry out. "Aye! Por Dios, Pepe, do you want to drain all the blood from my legs?"

"Forgive me, Raul. I am too excited. There, is that all right? It does not hurt now? Good. Your coat now and we will be on our way." Pepe lifted the coat from the back of a chair, handling it as he would a precious jewel. He helped Raul slip his long arms into the heavily embroidered sleeves. Alejandro volunteered the finishing touch by placing the *montera* on Raul's head and handing him the carefully folded parade cape. The god was prepared.

"Oh, *que guapo!*" gasped Pepe.

"I will have to admit you are a good looking man, Raul," dittoed Alejandro.

"And I am inclined to agree with both of you. Shall we go?" Raul started for the door but was held back by Pepe's question. "Aren't you going to pray, Chico?"

Raul turned to face Pepe; "Is there not a chapel at the bullring?"

"You know there is not."

"Well then, I must pray here." Raul stepped up to the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Very hesitantly he lifted his head and directed a worried glance at the face in the picture. "Be with me today. I am frightened, Señora. I can not understand it, but I am frightened." He lit the small vigil candle.

"All right, Pepe, Alejandro, we can go now."

They filed out of the room to the waiting car outside. The hushed roar of the motor made people come out of their homes to stand at the curb and watch the slim, black limousine go by. Women came out wiping calloused hands on their aprons, wishing that their husbands could drive a similar vehicle; the men remained squatted on their haunches or leaning against the adobe walls, staring at the car with eyes which said hostilely, "some people have all the luck;" the children scattered up to the car and touched its chromed sides, resolving to own five such cars in the future.

The sun released its hottest rays on the city streets as if to melt the four white-walled tires of the shiny black car, but the car continued to serpentine its way to the bullring. At the last curve a blast of musical notes hit the passengers.

What would a bullfight be without this brassy music? The harsh staccato strains flow into the people, making them drunk with

rhythm. Voices lose their usual prosaic expressions, faces become brilliant, everything is inflated with emotion, hypnotized with excitement.

Raul hesitated for an eternal second before opening the door. His wet, cold hands grabbed the handle and his nervous legs thrust the car door aside. He gaped at the scene before him. Where did the people come from?

Barefoot vendors yelled their loudest, as if only he with the strongest voice could sell banderillas to the gaping tourists. In competition, the more aged and experienced vendors carried their cases of beer with a royal air, convinced that their beverage alone would keep the corrida from becoming monotonous.

A group of professional aficionados, who knew bulls and bullfighters, assured that their very presence makes a worth-while audience, stood aristocratically among the throng looking through half-closed eyes at the plebian spectators. With the noble group of fans mingled the common people of the town who for pure love of the art would rather spend their last peso for a ticket to a bullfight than for a loaf of bread. Dispersed throughout the sunny side of the ring, sitting in the cheapest seats, they will give a bullfighter their whole-hearted support or their most vehement opposition.

In the midst of these devotees, the tourists, with an isn't-it-exciting attitude clustered together in solemn wonder and tension. They paid a high price for the comfort of the shady side of the ring and posed as connoisseurs. Yet, all through the bullfight they will make ignorant remarks about the "poor bull." Some will walk out thoroughly disgusted. Many will be converted to the religion of the Brave Festival.

Raul saw through them all. He watched every individual push and shove to get into the ring. They crowded about the gates like people at a railroad station in a hurry to catch a train.

"These are the real beasts," thought Raul, "I'm more afraid of them than the bull. They will applaud me only if I handle the bull to their liking. They will yell 'ole!' and wave their white handkerchiefs as long as I place myself in danger. The closer the bull gets to me the louder they will cheer. But the hate grows in their hearts the minute I make a mistake and they are ready to throw me out of the plaza. I wish they could be out there in my white suit just once. Just once I would have them look into the bull's eyes the way I have to."

"Come, come, Raul. This is no time to dream. You waste time." Alejandro ushered his charge out of the car, guided himself out while Pepe sprang from the driver's seat. Pepe began clearing a path for Raul, proud as he heard the whispers of "There he is; There is Raul Mendez."

Just before reaching the stage door, Raul halted—the passive ex-

pression gone from his face. "Enrique! How good it is to see you again. I must confess I had forgotten about you."

The object of Raul's salutation, a good-looking figure in a blue suit, approached, embraced Raul. "Halo, Chico. I'm hurt that you would forget about me on a day such as this. Maybe it's a good sign, it means you're not nervous. Are you?"

"No I am not nervous. Why should I be? It is a Sunday, just exactly like last Sunday and the one before that. I get paid today, I got paid then. Nothing changes."

"No, you're wrong, Chico. The Sundays do change; it is you who remains the same. I feel sorry for you, and I'm disappointed too. You have disappointed me since we met. That first day I saw you, when you were sneaking into the bullring, I said to myself 'ah, here's a boy who risks jail to see me work out. He is in love with the Brave Festival just as I am.' I thought you were watching my cape when all the time you were watching my wallet. You haven't taken your eyes off that wallet for a minute, have you?"

"No, I have not, Enrique. Look at me, my suit, my car, the best, the very best. And my cuadrilla, who can surpass it? I owe it to you in a way. Had you not invited me to watch you that day and introduced me to Alejandro, I would not be here."

"Oh yes, you would be, Raul. You would have found another way."

"I am grateful to you nevertheless."

"I wish you would be grateful to me for acquainting you with a beautiful art, not for the money the art has brought you."

"But that is why I thank you, Enrique. You made known to me the most practical art of them all—the art of making money!"

Enrique shook his head. "I should refuse to hand you the sword and cape this afternoon, Raul. When I place those instruments in your hands, you will no longer be a novice but a full-fledged matador, and men like you should be barred from bullrings."

Arm in arm Raul and Enrique walked into the *patio*. The protege continued listening to his hero.

"I won't refuse you your right to fight alongside the top toreros, though. Alejandro has made of you the best novillero. Better than that, you surpass even me. Look at that suit, it is still white. You wore it at your debut, yet no sign of violence mars its beauty. Except for that stain, there, the suit looks new. The public should not be denied such talent."

Inside the *patio*, Raul was immediately circled by his cuadrilla, the impresario, who showed his irritation at the delay.

"Well, well, Señor Mendez. You had us worried for a while."

Raul glanced at the impresario with condescension, "I tried my best Señor Holguin, I tried. Whoever heard of a corrido beginning

on time? Always the spectators are kept waiting. Who am I to upset the schedule."

"Very funny, Mr. Mendez. Yes, that is very funny. Now, let us begin. The tourists paid for this, no? All your people are here? Good. Good. You have met your fellow artists? You will receive the *alternativa* from Enrique Perez, then you will each fight two bulls."

"I know, Señor Holguin. I have not come completely unaware. Shall we draw for the bulls now?"

Mr. Holguin hesitated for a minute. "Oh yes. Of course, of course. We will draw now. No matter which one you get, you will like him."

The party hustled around a hat which had four pieces of paper in it. Enrique's sword-carrier drew, then Raul's until both had two pieces of paper containing the names of the bulls the *toreros* would fight. Raul's first one was "His Majesty." He grimaced. What right had a beast to that beautiful name?

"That's it," said Enrique, "let's go." He and Raul stood by the gate leading into the ring. Behind each of them were their alternates and two men on horseback with long spears ready to participate in the ceremony. The gate swung open. The orchestra blared forth the musical prayer of the bullfighter, "*La Virgen de la Macarena*," Raul and Enrique crossed themselves and stepped forward.

How many times had Enrique walked on these same lifeless sands? Each time he had heard the crowd applaud him. But today their eyes skimmed over him. Enrique turned to look at the man walking along side of him. "He could be great some day and live to enjoy his greatness if he would wipe out that mercenary streak in his veins. Perhaps some day his admirers will realize that their hero is not a real matador but a miser; when the bull throws him they will hope for his death."

The scrutiny of a thousand pairs of eyes mingled with the breeze to whip them into a good performance. The judges, sitting high above everyone else, doffed their hats to the stars and then leaned back in their seats.

Once the troupe was behind the high red fence, Enrique and Raul stepped out to the middle of the arena. Enrique carried in his hands the bright red cape and long sword used in killing the bull. The spectators stirred expectantly in their seats, straining their ears, yet knowing it was impossible to hear the words which the men uttered to each other.

"*Buena Suerte*," the old matador was saying. "You will need luck today. Your enemy is a very brave and wise bull. Raul, people come every Sunday to see a man be the artist they cannot be. Yet you reduce the loveliness in their art to brute force. You will not be able to cheat them much longer."

Raul took his sword and cape. The sarcasm with which he was so

familiar failed, now. "You send me to battle with bitter chastisement, Enrique. Do I cheat the people by facing an animal which could kill me in an instant? Look at them, Enrique, with their fine clothes and big ideas, with money for beer but not for the barefoot boy who sells it to them. Those vendors and I, we are the same because we work for a living. Each Sunday we face a murderous Beast. You are the fool, Enrique, you cheat yourself by being a slave to your fans."

The spectators saw Raul accept the weapons from the experienced matador. He was no longer a novice. Everyone smiled sentimentally while they watched two men embrace each other. Proud at the thought of having witnessed the birth of a new matador, the crowd settled down to await Raul's first full-grown bull.

A loud trumpet announced "His Majesty's" entrance to the field of battle. He was a fine bull, his head and neck impregnable, his sturdy legs would chase Raul to his death if the horns did not accomplish the deed.

Luis, as Raul's *peon*, stepped out with his cape to determine the bull's method of charging. He chased Luis to the area directly in front of the red fence, so that Raul did not have far to walk when he was ready to face the bull. A fog of silence covered the overcrowded plaza. Now, the newly born matador in his white and silver suit would demonstrate what he had to offer. Holding the cape in both hands and bringing the bull to charge close to his body, Raul executed his first pass, the *veronica*. The crowd liked it. "Ole!" they yelled. Again, Raul passed the bull in front of him. "Ole!"

The trumpet interrupted the cheers to ask for the *picadores*. Two men came out on bedraggled horses to do their part. The bull eyed them, moving, angrily charged, to be met by a spear thrust in the neck. "His Majesty" charged with even more fury at the heavily padded horse.

"That is enough," yelled Raul, "the man is supposed to steady the beast, not bleed it." He looked up at the judges who gave their consent to have the *picadores* leave the bullring.

If a bullfighter were to rehearse his fights then it could be said that Raul rehearsed his act until it had reached perfection. From the moment that Raul challenged his foe with the cape until the moment of killing drew near, the "Oles!" were ocean roars sent in waves of commotion to engulf the entire city. The orchestra was forced to pay rhythmical tribute time and time again. Outsiders could only guess what was taking place. Those in the ring were thanking the heavens for permitting them to be present that day. When their voices failed, then their hands spoke for them. Applause erupted from every corner of the arena; not a person stood immobile; many had tears in their eyes, for to a true lover of art a good bullfight can ring the heart dry of emotion until only tears are left.

Raul could not hear the cheers and applause. He stood facing the bull, thinking of himself in his white suit praying to the Virgin. Back in his room, the ritual had had a note of finality in it, as if Raul would never touch a match to another candle. It was not right to send a man into the arena with the idea that he may not immerge from it alive.

A breeze grew among the trees, becoming stronger and stronger as it reached the center of the ring. Like a snake it wound itself about Raul's bright red cape and entangled it between his legs. Wholly unprepared for this strong gust of wind, Raul unwittingly shifted to rid himself of the red menace. The bull saw the white figure move.

"DIOS!"

Only the beast heard the plea as he flung Raul high into the air. The vicious horns dug into the toreros sides, kept the limp figure aloft for a moment then shook it off on the sand.

Women covered their faces in horror, men stared with bulging eyes at the murder scene. Enrique led the *peones* out to take the bull away from its victim. They flung their capes at him and called, to no avail. Pepe ran into the ring screaming. Losing his rationality entirely, he grabbed the bull's tail, trying to pull it away from Raul. Finally, when the bull turned away, Alejandro sprang into the ring. With Enrique he propped up the bloodied figure of Raul, whose face and hair were clogged with sand. Pepe was holding the head of the master with gentle care. Tears hid his deep, green eyes. "Chico, Chico," sobbed Pepe, "Your suit. It is all dirty!"

Raul's pasted eyes tore open to stare at the suit, his hands slid over the ripped pieces and he could feel the shiny silver tassels were gone. Alejandro kept piercing his eyes onto Raul's, challenging life to remain in the wounded body. "Where is your Virgin now, Raul? Did she not see your white suit?" His big hands drew out a cigarette and a lighter from his stuffed pockets. A tiny flame leapt from the expensive lighter.

Raul's eyes hit upon the flame. "It looks like the vigil candle I lit," he thought, "Exactly like the candle. So little a flame and yet so strong."

Enrique asked Raul to try and help himself up so they could lead him to the infirmary.

"NO!"

The huddled faces gaped at Raul.

"What did you say?" asked Enrique.

"I said 'NO.' Help me up. I am all right. How can I go to the infirmary, the bullfight has not ended. Does a matador leave before killing the bull?" Raul struggled to his feet, ignoring Enrique's admonitions.

"You're crazy, Raul. Don't try to be a hero. The people see you are hurt, they will understand."

"Oh, yes, the People," smirked Raul, "They paid to see me, no? I cannot cheat them now."

Pepe chimed in now, his eyes were bright again, with no trace of tears. "Go on, Chico. You can do it. I know you can. Your Virgin will help!"

"Yes, I think she will, Pepe. When people ask me how I lived through this moment I will say I had a little assistance. No, Alejandro?"

Alejandro threw his cigarette on the sand "You will have to throw away that white suit, Raul."

"Oh, yes, but I can buy another. Many others, for after today I will draw even more money."

Raul smiled into the bewildered countenances of Enrique and Pepe. Smoothing down the wrinkled suit, with sword and cape once more in his hand, he limped toward the challenging bull. He turned and nodded to the silently awed audience, thinking that tonight he would have to light another candle below the Virgin's picture.

Adventures in Looking

By Sister M. Laurentia, C.S.J.

One of the great pleasures God has given us is the use of sight. And much of the pleasure from sight comes from knowing how to look. It is a true adventure when instead of merely glancing at some aspect of reality we begin at last to see it deeply and see it whole. Then with Julian of Norwich we can find all God's mystery in an acorn, if only we look at it with an intent and loving gaze.

Such a wonderful thing, moreover, is the sense of sight, that men use the verb *see* not only for physical vision, but also for the illumination our intellects can receive—the vision that comes when we penetrate beneath a difficult surface and see the deep reality of a person, a geometry problem, a poem.

In this adventure of looking at a gospel story, a picture, and a poem, both visions—physical and intellectual—will come into play.

Perhaps someone has stood with you looking up at a wooded hill side, and told you to notice all the shades of green and textures of leaves and needles: acacia's chartreuse lace; dustygreen, almost pulp-thick olive leaves; the lustrous near-blue of magnolia in deep shade. Forever after, you will have found a new delight in looking at trees.

Again, think how your delight is deepened on a visit to an art gallery if you have a companion who knows about painting, and who says: look at the way the light from the window is reflected on the floor; notice how this curve is balanced by that one; see here the figures form a triangle.

The same thing holds good for adventures in amateur photography. You learn how a scene is framed between a tree and a wall; you begin to catch contrasts of light and shade, to wonder if the glow of the city lights at night could be caught with a color film.

Such looking at things in all their particularity, seeing each one's peculiar individuality, its "inscape," as Gerard Manley Hopkins, the poet, called it, cannot be done with a hasty glance. Today we are in the habit of whizzing along in trains and cars so swiftly, seeing the passing world only as a blur, that our faculty of seeing things as wholes, in all their sharp detail, has become blunted. We are more used to trying to count telephone poles as they whistle past, than we are likely to stop and admire the shape of a shadow that a cloud drops on a mountain.

For this reason, the modern poet (and painter and sculptor) tries to arrest us. This one of the purposes an artist can have in presenting a work which we cannot immediately understand. He wants us to stop and look and listen. Such quiet focussing of our powers is called "aesthetic contemplation" a delighted and prolonged gaze at something we find beautiful. St. Thomas says that this is *love without desire*.

In this article you will be shown how to arrest your tendency to skim quickly over a poem. By a quiet and intent reading you will see that one part after the other emerges into clarity, that (as St. Thomas, again, says) the splendor of form shines on the matter (the words), and in this way you can experience a real intellectual delight.

The exercise might be described this way: your eyes and mind move by spurts down the lines, now swiftly, now halting for a moment, like the flame travelling down the wick of a firecracker. Then, just at the right moment, flame and powder make contact and the whole thing explodes. This is one of the effects which Father Hopkins said a poem should have. At other times one finds little explosions occurring all the way down—little bursts of understanding lighting up the mind as one reads intently.

The poem chosen for this demonstration is: 1) about a Gospel scene, and so will be worth your thought because it can give you a new understanding of Christ; 2) it is about a picture of the last Supper painted by an artist named Ghirlandaio—and the way the poet modifies the elements the painter gives him is full of interest; 3), finally, it is an interestingly wrought work of art which can furnish you the adventure in looking which is called aesthetic contemplation. Here is the poem:

THE CAT AT THE LAST SUPPER

ROY MARZ

*Ghirlandaio let it sit
On the tiles between Judas and Jude,
Brindle and Iscariot's pet,*

*Bored with John's stricken stutter
And Andrew's fist aghast in the cherries
And Simon's trouble with the pewter.*

*Though the peacock's lucent pale blue
Spill of tail from the windowsill
Interested as a nuisance value,*

*Really the carbon irises
Kindled for birds through the open lunette
Or delicacies in the cypresses;*

*And whiskers rigid for rare spoil
Flicked hauteur at the broken bread
The taut master dropped on the tile.*

*Needles of shock in the brindle marble
Were affront. It primly mewed
Blood back in the paralyzed table,*

*And negatives in the nervous beards
Jangled the peacock metred to silence
But tocsined the giddy outside birds.*

*The outside birds were purple glass
Till the two hungers, stalking under,
Got to bed supperless.*

From *Poetry*, March 1953.
1020 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago 11, Illinois.

The main facts underlying the poem can be seen in the gospel story. Both painter and poet have arrested a single moment of the Last Supper, the last meal which Christ shared with his disciples before He died. Our Lord has just told his disciples that one of them would betray Him. He hands some bread to Judas. This is the sign which shows that Judas is the traitor. After receiving the bread, Judas goes out into the night.

The painting and poem show what might have happened after our Lord's announcement: John stutters over the words he was saying; Andrew, who has reached for some cherries, stands with his fist paralyzed; Peter rattles some dishes against each other; Judas is "taut" and drops the bread which Christ has handed him. The room is still. Then, after a long moment, Judas gets up and goes out.

This is the main outline of the story as found in the gospel, and in the poem. Next we move to the details the painter has suggested, such as the central symbol of the cat—whose attitudes are like those

of Judas—and the colorful details of cherries, peacock, apostles' beards, and so on. Here we want to see what the poet has done with the materials given to him. We find that he takes all these elements and wakes them into a new kind of life. This is to say, that while the figures in the picture are static, and presented in space (they do not move, and we see them all at once); the poem, on the other hand, moves in space. It is this movement, this dynamism, which gives the poem a particular power to furnish pleasure.

First of all, by the very fact that the poem is presented in words, which follow one after the other, you are forced to move, to make your eyes follow the words and lines as they are printed. Secondly, and more importantly, the poem describes the scene itself as gradually coming to life.

At first nothing moves but the cat's eyes. It is bored with the evening. It looks at the peacock, which rests on the window sill, but flicks its eyes away quickly because the peacock is too big to eat (the peacock has interested the cat only for a moment, as "a nuisance value"). Next it looks out the window—the birds out there interest the cat—its eyes kindle with hunger.

Its attention is caught for a moment by the bread which Judas has dropped. It twitches its whiskers in disdain ("hauteur"). Cats do not like bread. It wants something which is out of reach: the outside birds. It is annoyed by the dropping of the bread and mews aloud.

At this first sound breaking the silence the apostles around the "paralyzed table" come to life. They shake their heads (as if saying, "Is it I, Lord?"), and their "nervous beards" waggle on their chins. The peacock is startled ("jangled") into movement, but the birds outside the window are warned by the cat's mew (a "tocsin" is a warning bell) and now it is their turn to freeze into such stillness that they look like glass. Judas and his cat (the "two hungers") get up and walk out; the birds are perfectly quiet until they are gone. Then the poem says that the two "go to bed supperless."

They are hungry and go to bed without supper for several reasons. First, both cat and Judas have refused the supper they might have had. The cat "flicked hauteur," at the bread which fell near him. Judas dropped this bread which Christ had offered him. He turned away from all the things he would have had: the shared bread which symbolized friendship with Christ, because it is a custom for friends to eat together; the bread of the Eucharist which Christ, here at the Last Supper, was just about to offer to his apostles. (Judas, in the poem, does not stay to receive Holy Communion). He, moreover, will go through all eternity with his spiritual hunger for God—the deepest hunger of man's nature—unsatisfied.

Even on the level of worldly satisfaction Judas remains hungry. He desires worldly gain—the pieces of silver, which we know he will receive for the betrayal. But when he gets the money he will throw it away and go out to a miserable death.

This is the story which forms the basis for the poem. The poet has gathered his materials partly from the gospel and partly from the painting which Ghirlandaio made of the Last Supper scene. In using his two sources he has modified them to fit his medium which is not paint but words. Paint presents a picture to our eyes all at once, whereas words (and in this poetry resembles music) move in time and present ideas to us successively rather than simultaneously.

Now you are ready to see the pattern which the person who is speaking in the poem points out while he talks about Ghirlandaio's painting. (This painting really exists; you might like to find it for yourself).

The speaker who is looking at the picture sees first the floor with the cat—Judas Iscariot's pet—sitting on the tiles. He watches the cat look up at the table where the apostles are shocked into stillness. Next its eyes travel to the peacock on the window sill; and finally, they look at the birds outside. In stanza one, then, following the speaker as he watches the cat, we look at the floor; in stanza two, the table; in three, the windowsill; in four, the scene outside (through the open "lunette," which is a little window).

This same pictorial pattern of floor, table, windowsill, outside, is repeated in stanzas five to eight. Our attention is called to the bread dropped on the tile floor, then up to the "paralyzed table," where the apostles are just coming to life again, on to the peacock on the sill, which is "jangled" into movement by the cat's mew, and finally to the "two hungers," Judas and his cat, outside, stalking off under the trees.

Here we see that there is a repetition, but there is also a difference. In the first instance in which we looked from the floor to the out-of-doors the things looked at were largely static, except for the cat's eyes. In the second half of the poem everything begins to move: the bread falls, the cat mews, the apostles shake their beards, the peacock flutters in alarm, Judas and his cat stalk away under the trees.

Besides these patterns of movement, of looking from floor, to table, to sill, to out-of-doors; and of the change from stillness as in the painting, to movement as in a scene taking place before our eyes, the poem has other artistically balancing aspects. These are partially caught from the painting, and partially they are elements proper to that kind of work of art which is a poem.

The cat is brindle (which means mottled, or spotted) in stanza one, and so is the marble in stanza six. The peacock appears as a still-life in stanza two, and moves in stanza seven. In stanza four the cat's eyes are called to our attention. The speaker calls them "carbon irises." (An "iris" is part of the eye; carbon is black like the pupil of the eye, but carbon on fire—"kindled"—is yellow, and so we have the black and yellow of the eyes kindling hungrily when

the cat sees the birds). These eyes are looking at the birds; and the birds recur at the end of the poem, where they are warned ("tocsined") by the cat's mew. The apostles who are frozen into immobility in stanza two, come to life again in stanza seven.

Finally, there is a sound pattern which helps to pull the poem into unity, and which gives the reader pleasure too. Notice the interesting scheme of half-rhymes at the ends of first and third lines in every stanza. Read the poem aloud and listen to the echoing of "sit" and "pet," "stutter" and "pewter," "glass" and "supperless."

Many other aspects of the poem can give you adventures in looking. If you go back now after following this discussion, you will find that your delight in seeing has been quickened.

In this connection, someone has said that "art does not render the visible, it renders visible." And this is just what both Ghirlandajo's painting and Marz's poem try to do for you. The aim is not to "render the visible"—not to show you things you already see quite clearly,—but to "render visible,"—to lead your eyes and mind to see some deeper aspects of reality which are there all the time, but which are invisible to you until the artist points them out. The artist should make us say: "Oh yes, I knew that all the time—but somehow I never thought about it!"

The two artists we have been interested in here have "rendered visible" some new aspects of the Last Supper. For example, the eternal hunger of Judas has probably struck you now with new force. Furthermore, from following the poem, you have learned more than you knew before about what to look for in a painting; and so that aspect of reality has been rendered visible to you. And finally, you have increased your capability of entering into the reality a poem presents—of delighting in the specific joy of aesthetic contemplation.

This quickened pleasure in physical and intellectual seeing is the proper function of art because it does not "render the visible," but rather "renders visible" a new dimension of reality. To discover this is truly to enjoy adventures in looking.

ACACIA TREES

*Peasant women
Smooth their bulging skirts.
They spread their shadow-laces on the grass
And chuckle contentedly
To themselves.*

Alumnae News

Among wedding announcements we find that of *Mary Jo Rennison* to Richard D'Agostino in St. Charles Church, North Hollywood; *Rosalie Ann Klein* to John Paul Streicher in St. Anselm's Church, Los Angeles; *Luella Lum* to Lawrence Pang in St. Patrick's Church, Honolulu; *Portia Spencler* to Lawrence D. Laughman in St. Mary Magdalene's, Camarillo, California; *Katherine McGlincy* to Louis Angelo Rezzonico in Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Santa Barbara, California; *Joan Schnieder* to John J. French in St. Bernadette's Church, Los Angeles, California; *Barbara Jean Williams* to Joseph Johnson II in St. Patrick's Church, Los Angeles, California.

Births: To *Charlotte and Bob Bell* a daughter, Virginia Marie; to *Louis and Rosemary Pisani* a daughter, Veronica Marie.

Among our summer visitors we had: *Muriel Rheaume*, returned from five years of study in Paris; *Mrs. Pat Carroll Absey* and baby girl; *Lt. and Mrs. Ray Appel* and Stephen.

Two Mount graduates, *Carol Sebastian*, '49 and *Patricia Ann Pierce* '53, began work for their Master's degree in Education in the Graduate School of Mount St. Mary's during the summer session. Carol, who intends to continue as a full time student during the academic year 1955-56, will thus probably become the first Mount student to complete her Master of Arts program in the new Graduate School.

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As we went to press, the sad and tragic news came of the death of Teresa Giovauelli in an auto accident. As she was returning to her home in the San Fernando Valley a sixteen year old reckless driver making over sixty miles an hour, and ignoring a stop signal, struck Teresa's car broadside. She was dead before reaching the hospital.

Members of her class and a group of faculty members attended her funeral from Our Lady of Peace, her parish church.

A solemn High Mass with a most consoling eulogy, by His Excellency Most Rev. Joseph T. McGucken, was a source of consolation to her grieving parents and friends.

Teresa had spent last semester in fulfilling requirements for her secondary credential, and had a school in prospect for the coming year.

God saw that she was ready for better things, and as the Bishop said took her to rest in His loving arms, safe from the trials, temptations and sorrows of this troubled world. May her dear soul rest in peace.

